

FALL FADS OF THE TOWN

EASY ROADS TO HAPPINESS,
HEALTH AND SUCCESS.

If Anything is Wrong With You Just Try Oxygen or Ozone or Changing Your Name or Seeking the Right Vibrations or Crystal Gazing or Fletchering.

The East Side at present is fringed with oxygen factories. If you enter one of them you will learn of an increasing demand for their product. One proprietor cynically says that an actor who hasn't a tank of oxygen somewhere about the theatre is not up to date and that if his example is not followed by the other sex it is simply because women prefer to keep the secret of their beauty safely behind closed doors and do not as a general thing invite the world in to peer at the mysteries of their makeup.

The factory manager assures you that he does not intend to limit the number

in its fine work in a way that is simply astounding, simply astounding!

"Do you suppose that I could ever have made that play in which I starred for 300 consecutive nights last season go as it did if I hadn't been oxygenated every night behind the scenes?"

"Not on your life! When I first read it over I said to myself that it was a hopeless mess and that never would I have the audacity to present it before a New York audience. I related my fears to my stage manager and he suggested the use of oxygen."

"It isn't bright lines and good plots that make a play go to-day," he informed me, "but it's oxygen. When an actor gets inflated with that he can get over the footlights and simply take an audience off its feet. He doesn't care a bit if the audience goes home and sitting about the illuminated asbestos log says that the play is rot pure and simple. It is what they think during the moments they are sitting in the 32 orchestra seats that really counts."



HAVE YOUR TANK HANDY WHEN MOVING.

A few bright lines so-called were recited by the actor from the current musical comedies.

"Do you suppose," he asked, "that just ordinary wit like that would get a laugh every night? I guess not. You ask a permit to stand in the wings and you'll find an oxygen tank there and members of the cast regaling themselves at frequent intervals."

The old fashioned way was if a joke didn't take to move it about in the play here and there until a place was discovered where it would receive a hand, but that is so archaic no one thinks of it any more. Just as soon as it falls flat an oxygen factory is telephoned to and the result is surer if a little more expensive.

"If you owe money," said a man about town, "don't pay it, but try oxygen. It is so much pleasanter. When you get to the point that you wonder if you had not better blow your brains out and question if your insurance and effects together will total enough to leave your memory unstained, when you get into the habit of dodging around corners when you see importunate creditors advancing, then take a few whiffs of oxygen. You have no idea how different life will look and into what small kittens the elephants will diminish."

"It's strange how you meet a situation of this kind under the influence of this harmless inhalation. Your creditor may have a stern face and a threatening aspect, but you simply throw your shoulders back, advance smilingly and like as not tap him gently on the coat and exclaim, 'Buck up, old chap, it isn't as bad as it seems; it never is.' By the time he has recovered from his surprise you are far on your way."

"He doesn't know what to make of your changed attitude and when you meet again it is very probable that he treats you with interest if not affection unless he has taken oxygen too. In that case

COLLEGE GIRLS GROW ROSES

FIND IT CONGENIAL AS WELL
AS PROFITABLE.

Starting With One Greenhouse on Borrowed Capital, They Have Now a Large Establishment Which They Own Outright—Will Try Gardening.

One of the most remunerative rose gardens under glass in Pennsylvania is owned and managed by two college women who ten years ago began business with borrowed capital.

"While in college I specialized in biology and my friend in chemistry," said one of them. "On our graduation neither of us wanted to teach. That was the one thing we had decided on not doing. The thing that we had decided to do was indefinite—we would stick together and do something congenial."

Following the advice of my friend's father we loafed for three months after leaving college with no other object but round deciding what was congenial. He said he was willing to put up a small amount of capital if the business we undertook promised to be a commercial success.

"As that was our only hope for a start about the first point we had to consider was concerning any enterprise was. Would it make money? We investigated ever so many things, but as a rule they didn't look promising for making money. Or if we saw money ahead one or the other of us would finally admit that she would loathe to spend her life doing it."

"We had investigated about every field from going on the stage to becoming foreign missionaries when my friend suggested that instead of having a general nursery we might specialize on growing some one particular flower for market. We set to work to find out which flower sold best the year round. It didn't take us long to discover that the demand for roses grown under glass was about equal every ten days, the only difference being that the price was less in the warm months than in the cold."

"Being unwilling to risk capital without first gaining some experience we both got employment with successful rose growers. I was not so lucky as my friend, for she got a regular job with wages from the start, while I was taken on for the privilege of learning the business. We didn't try to get in the same house because we believed it would be better if we each learned a different method."

At the end of one year we decided to accept the offered capital and start in. Our year's experience had convinced us that it was better to build a rose house with the good points that we had noticed than to buy or rent an old place which was bound to have some of the things which in our judgment were disadvantages.

"Our first house is 20 by 30 feet. It has a slanting roof with overhanging glass eaves. This allows the water to drip clear of the sides while the icicles hang directly from the glass."

"All the wood used in our rose houses is the best grade cypress, and we use angle iron put in instead of wood. In our opinion hot water was better for heating purposes than steam, so we had our range equipped in that way. The walls are double boarded with one thickness of building paper between. The boards on the outside run up and down, while those on the inside run up and down. All through the building of the first rose house we both bore in mind that we must get just as much light as possible at the least cost and that the house must be easy of repair."

"We made such a success with the roses grown in that one house in our first season that our banker offered to advance enough to build two more or even three. We accepted his offer only as to paying. We were to put up the materials for three new and larger houses. We had determined to engage our workmen by the year and at slack seasons to keep them busy building new houses."

"We bought the lumber in the flat and the iron in quantity. Every hour that there was not work for the men in the rose house was spent in drilling holes or sawing and fitting lumber. In that way our new houses cost us less than the first had, comparing the size."

"Besides light and temperature the well being of roses under glass depends largely on the soil. To get the best roses a rich and well drained soil is absolutely necessary."

"Natural soil is of course the best, but as that is impossible to get the right substitute should be given. Our mixture is one part good manure, one part strong garden loam and one part of clay. The very best way to obtain the garden loam, which is the most difficult of the three ingredients to get is to buy old pasture lands and harvest the soil yourself. We found soil harvested in the spring better than that harvested early in the year, as it is not convenient for us to use all our help in that way at that season we often begin early in November and work at it off and on all the way through May."

"Having obtained the right soil, the next step is to prepare the beds or benches. Some rose growers contend that beds are better than benches and give good reasons. We, however, have found that benches are easier managed and give better blossoms than beds."

"The soil should be put on the benches to a depth of at least five inches, after it has settled. The roses should then be set, after which there should be a top dressing of lime and finely ground bone flour. We use thirty pounds of this mixture for a house 20 by 30 feet."

"In about a month after the roses have been set it will be found that the earth of the bed has settled. We remedy this by adding half an inch or more of good rich soil and manure. In January we begin our applications of liquid manure. At first we apply it every two weeks, then every ten days, then every week. In this way the plants are fed and forced to do their utmost in the way of blooming."

"The majority of our roses are propagated annually. Cuttings are taken in January. As soon as they are ready to move or well rooted the plants are transplanted into pots about twice as large, and



RECOMMENDED FOR HUDSON-FULTONITES.

no explanation of your obligations is necessary, just a knowing wink."

"How'd I get through the Hudson-Fulton celebration?" exclaimed a young woman who entertained a house party during the week and after that proceeded calmly to move from one apartment to another without any fuss at all. "I never could have done it if it hadn't been that at the very moment when I was going to telegraph everybody that my arrangements would have to be changed on account of a coming collapse in the family some one remarked casually that ozone was the trick."

There's an ozone parlor uptown and there is a path worn to it by the feet of its disciples. Ozone, you know, is merely "intensified oxygen" and, instead of placing a tank of it on the barrel that contains your rug while you unpack your china and books, with whiffs between, or having it in the wings of the theatre or inhaling a little in your boudoir on your way to a feminine luncheon or a suffrage meeting, you have to go to the headquarters where a charming proprietress who has her own automobile and a large bank account seats you at a machine, gives you a mouthpiece and tells you to draw deep and exhale slowly.

The gas is run through a solution in which all sorts of play odors and woody smells are predominant and the first you know you feel just as you do when you've been taking a long walk through Georgia pines. As likely as not you beg the privilege of taking a cat nap on the couch in the outer office and if it isn't already preempted you find that insomnia no longer numbers you among its victims and that instead of facing the day's cares with a wonder how you are ever going to get through them you feel as if you

couldn't find enough to do to keep yourself busy.

You don't have to sit down all the time you ozone, you can grab the tube in one hand and roam all over the place; but you must keep at it for thirty minutes and by the time the half hour has ticked its last throbs you are renovated.

"The favorite hour for society to take ozone is after the late breakfast before the routine of luncheon, lectures, bridge and tea begins, and it has come to be the fad to make appointments at the ozone parlor, as it has been at manicure and beauty establishments. If you can't take it then, the parlor is kept open until late in the evening, and after dinner or before the machines are surrounded with people, often in evening dress, their faces glued to the nickel mouthpieces, taking their required number of inhalations."

"Oxygen of the ozone or plain, simple garden variety is all very well," is the opinion of another group of people who have investigated every known cult from Western occultism to the butter-milk variety, "but if there is anything wrong with your health, mental or physical, if you wake depressed and go to bed feeling that the little old world is turning the wrong way on its axis, you may be sure that your home vibrations are all wrong."

"The vibratory theory as applied to the body alone—waves taken by means of certain machines—is good as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. According to our cult—the only sure and safe theory to rely upon—every dwelling house, apartment, studio or brownstone facade has its inherent vibration, which should harmonize with that of its dwellers."



TWENTY-FOUR CHEWS TO A MOUTHFUL.

CHURCH OF THE DEAF MUTES

THE SERVICE FOR THE SILENT
AT ST. ANN'S.

All Eyes Kept on the Rector—No Bowing of Heads in the Worship of the Deaf Mutes—Impressions of a Hearing Visitor—Active in Church Work.

From the unpretentious brown structure on an upper West Side cross street bearing above its entrance the inscription, "St. Ann's Church," no bells call the parishioners to service. Such a summons would be but a hollow mockery for St. Ann's is a congregation of deaf mutes.

Within no sound of organ or choir greets the late comers. The former could not be heard and the members of the latter have not the voices with which to sing. In the enshrouding silence of the service all the more pregnant are the inscriptions over the left vestry door, "The ears of the deaf shall be unstopped," and the second inscription over the vestry door to the right, "The tongues of the dumb shall sing."

To the hearing visitor, accustomed to anthem and prayer and organ and the service of sound, the noiseless service is almost uncannily strange. As you enter and take a seat there is no turning nor craning of heads. No matter how noisily you come these worshippers are not disturbed. Quietly expectant they sit and face the altar, now and then making some of their mysterious passes of conversation.

When the rector appears and the vested choir of young women the attentive concentrates, but there is yet no sound. Silently the congregation rises when the rector makes the gestures and movements of the hand which to them is the voicing of prayer, and upon him their eyes are kept riveted, for it is a peculiarity of the deaf mute service that there can be no bowing of heads and resting of eyes.

The spell of quietude falls upon the hearing visitor—among the deaf mutes all people are divided into two classes, themselves and hearing people—and when a belated comer walks in unconscious of creaking shoes the sound breaks sharply and disagreeably upon the hearer's ear. He starts when a sudden cough from one of the rear seats cuts into the silence. It seems there should be no sound for him any more than for his neighbors, who sit, eyes riveted on the chancel.

In the centre stands the rector with the white beard, bald head and kindly face of a patriarch. The vested young women watch his every motion intently, for they must lead in the responses, which must begin simultaneously, not at the cessation of his voice but at the cessation of his movement.

One woman tried five apartments and had to break four leases before she discovered the place where the vibrations suit her special need. She is heard describing her find to a woman friend, "My dear," she says, "the most heavenly place imaginable! Oh, the restaurant—well, it might be better. No, no lift; up four flights and, yes, near the L, but the vibrations are perfect."

"I can sit in my room and just clasp my hands and feel perfectly happy doing nothing. There is the most serene sensation comes over me the moment I open my door. I've been seeking that sensation from The Bronx to the Battery."

"Take my word for it, you'll find it yourself if you keep trying. It may take you five years, as it did me, but it's worth it. When you get in an apartment that has the right vibratory effect you'll lose every wrinkle, your crows' feet will disappear, and such a cheerfulness!"



HOW ARE YOUR HOME VIBRATIONS?

"Vibration!" and the Woman's Club officer emits a sound that in a less refined locality might be described as a snort. "There is absolutely nothing in that idea, except for the faddists. If you've got nerves, and of course you have, that are right outside of your princess gown so that they are rubbed the wrong way by every man, woman and child with whom you have the most casual contact, it isn't because you are living in a place whose vibratory waves are against your grain; it is because you have the wrong name."

"Our mothers and fathers were well meaning, but they didn't know. They

would call a child by the name of one of its ancestors simply because the name had happened to be in the family for three or four or five generations, with no more thought or care as to whether it fitted than they would if they were naming a cat.

"They wouldn't think of hampering a child with a lot of worn-out clothing that its grandfather or grandmother wore, but would call a child who plainly showed that some name like Claude or Christabel would suit Ezekiah or Hannah, which was all very well formerly, but is so incongruous with the present day's needs in nomenclature that its possession is a synonym of disaster."

The speaker drags out a small pencil and bit of paper and shows the mathematical formula by which the scientific truths imbedded in this cult are given to the doubting Thomases of the world.

"It is as simple as a problem in geometry, you see. All the women in the club are changing their names. We have a Louise who has become Mary, and she says that she never felt better in her life, and Ethel, who has been in miserable health—they thought it was tubercular trouble—is like a new woman since she became Minnie."

"I don't know so much about health," says a boarding house keeper who was asked about the fads of her Fifth Avenue household. "I started them Fletcherizing and they don't eat half so much and are twice as contented. It gives them something to think about and I get the only rest that I have ever had in my busy life. They count their mouthfuls and that keeps them so occupied that the dinner table is as serene as a sanitarium. Personally I would like to see a statue to Horace Fletcher erected in Madison Square, but possibly I am prejudiced."

"It's all nonsense," exclaims the last person interrogated on these subjects. If you really want to get in touch with the infinite and break loose from these stepping stones, which are good in their way for beginners but insult the intelligence of comprehending people, just turn into the jade room of the Metropolitan Museum. There are a certain number



HOW ARE YOUR HOME VIBRATIONS?

of crystal balls there and at some hours of the day when the light is right, they become wonderfully translucent, with the most effective shadows and weird milky depths.

"Sit there until your spirit is removed from the jar of the outside world and your soul is receptive to sensations, and your whole future will pass before you in moving pictures almost formless and in wrong moods without meaning; but persist in your search, and health and strength, and more than that the psychic power, which embraces those and everything else, is yours."

St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, with its present membership of over 250, was established in 1852, when a group of deaf mutes, together with hearing friends, as the tablet placed on the church wall puts it, convened together for worship. It passed through many vicissitudes, finally joining St. Matthew's. The present building, dedicated in 1888, has a comfortably furnished auditorium above and a basement very completely equipped for the various side issues of the modern church, which the deaf mutes look after as carefully as any other organization.

Down here is the room with two sewing machines where the sewing society meets, the room where church dinners and receptions are held. Provision is made for entertainments requiring a stage and stage setting. Many deep drawers contain the costumes owned for these purposes, a full Shakespearean wardrobe being included, for the aims of these non-speaking people are not at all restricted. Their church socials, where they play Shakespeare with as much zest as any one, among the costumes Santa Claus's makeup is prominent, for the little deaf mutes are just like their noisy brethren in loving their holiday frolics. The Christmas presents hanging on the Christmas tree.

Also down in the basement is the library with many old and valuable books given by the "wealthy hearing lady," and here an evening school will open in a short time. Majestically through the rooms stalks a sleek cat which seems to claim ownership of all and even disregards the heavy D. S. L. D. which has been placed by fearfully giving vent to a shrill, discordant yowl when her tail is inadvertently trod upon. Nothing but the feline temperament could withstand the spell of the place, which sends the human hearer whispering into the street, whispering because he cannot quite accustom himself to the sound of his own voice until Deaf Mutes endeavored him to these respects, the management of the New York church is a church in Brooklyn and another in Newark. Here services are held and occasionally speakers of note are heard—of interpreting hearers who can use the sign language and follow the speaker in his own pace. In discourse the deaf mutes never or rarely use the letter alphabet. It is made too clumsy and slow. They make use of a sign language which enables them to proceed at a speed equal to vocal conditions.

In all the churches work is carried on in every branch, the needs of the deaf mutes being looked after, social meetings, parish meetings and guild meetings filling a regulation calendar and much good being done among charitable lines with the aid of hearing friends.

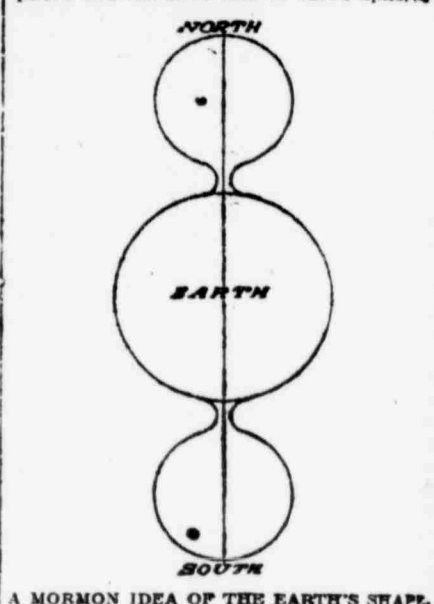
MUST TUNNEL TO REACH POLE

NOT A POINT ON THE SURFACE,
AN AGED MORMON SAYS.

This World Not One Sphere, but Three Joined by Necks—The Ten Lost Tribes of Israel in the Topmost of the Three—Why Arctic Explorers Fail.

SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 20.—Neither Commander Peary nor Dr. Cook reached the north pole. It will not be necessary for geographical societies or Arctic clubs to quarrel over them. The absolute north, so far as this globe is concerned, has not yet been arrived at by any one. Only after a great deal of digging into the earth at the bottom of the polar sea will any one get there. Men may go straight north to a point ninety degrees from the equator; but they will not yet have reached the north pole, the absolute north, because that point is not on the surface of the earth at all, but beneath it.

All this is stated on the authority of Matthew W. Dalton, an aged Mormon living at Willard, Utah. Mr. Dalton has written a pamphlet to demonstrate that the accepted theory of the formation of the earth is in error. Instead of our living on an independent and individual sphere the earth is one of three spheres



A MORMON IDEA OF THE EARTH'S SHAPE.

lying in a direct line, this globe in the middle, and connected at the north with a smaller globe and at the south with a second.

The three are connected by two narrow necks, probably 300 miles in diameter. The curvature of the earth is arrested and reversed as it approaches the poles and swells into the rising contour of the smaller spheres to the north of the north pole and to the south of the south pole.

The axis of the three globes is simply a continuation of the axis of our own world, but it extends from the furthest southern extremity of the southern globe, through that, through our own world from pole to pole, and so through the northern sphere to its northern extremity. The revolution of all three is identical, from west to east diurnally. Sunrise and sunset follow each other on the smaller globes just as they do on this on which we live; and the three travel through space together.

Consequently the exact north will be far beneath the surface of the polar sea. That is why Nansen did not arrive at the pole when he permitted his ship, the Fram, to be locked up by the ice. He was on the sea side and depended on the movement of the ice fields over the top of the earth to take him in comfort to the place for which so many explorers have striven. He was locked up by the ice on the sea side and depended on the movement of the ice fields over the top of the earth to take him in comfort to the place for which so many explorers have striven.

Now, any man who can reach a point ninety degrees from the equator north can go on to the northern sphere. Arcturion at the point ninety degrees from the equator, he has already passed the climax of cold and difficulty. If he were to keep straight to the north he would in the next day's march find a higher temperature. He would be able to travel across parallels of latitude constantly enlarging, because the girth of the globe he would then be on increases toward its own equator; and in a month he would be on open water and vegetation producing land, and then he would be in the temperate zone of the northern sphere.

If he would find the ten lost tribes of Israel. They came across Europe in the distant time and travelled north and north—always north. They left a few of their people in what is now Scandinavia, but the rest they carried with them and crossed the slender neck of land connecting this globe with the smaller globe to the north and there found the haven promised them from the days of Abraham. There they have multiplied and replenished the earth and some time they are coming again to prove their existence there and the fulfilment of prophecy. All this Mr. Dalton explains.

Because that globe is further away from the sun than our world it will be slightly less warm. The equatorial regions will probably be as warm as our own, but there is a region approximately ten thousand miles in breadth and entirely encircling the smaller sphere in which all sorts of life can be maintained in abundant comfort. The rays of the sun will be a little less vertical there than here, but really the difference will not be great since the sun is so far away that the earth is out of proportion to the small distance between us and the surface of the sphere to the north.

The diagram, printed here is a rough copy of one of Mr. Dalton's charts. He himself says the original of this chart was drawn in Nauvoo, Ill., by Joseph Smith, first prophet of the Mormon people, and it has come to Mr. Dalton through only one transfer of ownership. By way of supporting his theory Mr. Dalton cites the following passage in Webster defining "double stars":

Two stars seen so near together as to be seen separated only by the telescope. Such stars may be only optically near each other or may be physically connected.

Plain Pets Not Enough.

From the Queen.

There is a tendency to give individuality to pets. If you merely go in for dogs and cats, which may be described as commonplace pets, these creatures must be made different in some way from those of your friends. Either they must wear costly collars, or bangles, or rich ribbons, or a particular color, or their baskets must be luxuriously upholstered; but, if possible, a bird, beast, or reptile of uncomfortable character is not to be had by any means, for the swan has not escaped attention, and infant bears are very popular.

A Monument in the Snows.

From the Wide World Magazine.

The highest placed monument in the world is situated on La Combra, the summit of a pass in the Andes, and marks the frontier of the Chilean and Argentine republics. It stands at an altitude of 12,796 feet above the sea level, and for an inspiring grandeur its surroundings would be hard to match.